

For Her Light (Two)

Fields of the Nephilim

How lonely you are waiting at the Sunday park
I'll elude you, I will lose you
Existing were no soul apart You stand on a platform
Your effigy dissolves in my hands When I feel like someone to lie on
And I feel like someone to rely on You can't wake up Illusions born of the air
Something seems so precious there I'll elude you, I will lose you
As rehearsal of my despair When I feel like someone to lie on
And I feel like someone to die on You can't wake up
Oh here me
I'm what you have left Here I am
In this necrologue of love

Songwriters

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